

***Evelyne Rendon***

***Age 22***

***Graphic Designer | Illustrator***

***evelynarendon.com***

***via email (evelynarendon@gmail.com)***

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I live in Union, but Newark is my second home. It was the Spring of 2020, I was a senior at Rutgers Newark when the pandemic was declared a serious international issue. Normally Warren Street and Washington Street pictured here would be bustling with cars, students dotting the roads and sidewalks enjoying the spring weather. But this was different. This was taken on an afternoon drive on April 20th, 2020. I decided to go see how the pandemic manifested itself in Newark and it definitely did. The street was quiet, desolate, nothing but a lonely pickup truck most likely belonging to the university. This was not the University Heights I knew. It was eerie, unfamiliar yet familiar at the same time. It surprised me that a city with so much energy seemed to be sleeping. As I write this, more and more people are going outside and cases are dipping for now, but at the moment I was sitting in the comfort of my boyfriend's car, I felt frightened at the same time. What would the future be like? Is this forever? Obviously it won't be but it is strange seeing a landscape once teeming with life, now empty, the only life there was my boyfriend and I. Curious and apprehensive.

